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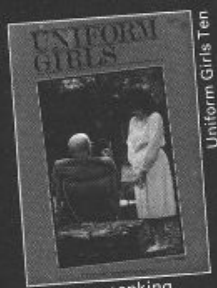

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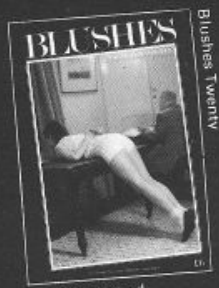

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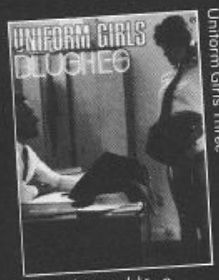

Uniform Girls Three

Maid in trouble, a WRAC in the hands of a superior officer. No salvation for Suzie.

Whispers Seven

Actually Spanked or the end of Debbie. Bathtime caning.

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Home from school, Uniform girl spanked. Caning, strapping. Humiliation!!

Blushes Six

Valerie fully exposed and comprehensively punished in the usual atmospheric style!

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The 1st Blushes with delicious schoolgirls, boarding school punishments in colour

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Victim in the Vestry – a choirgirl spanked. Knickers down after the Match.

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Humiliation, Seduction after a spanking. Field sports.

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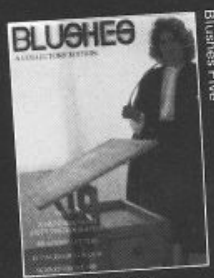
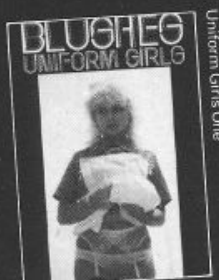
'Whipping Horse' punishment. Canings and spankings at school and at home.



Blushes Five

Teenaged ward spanked in front of a visiting 'uncle'. Two girls underhand!



Uniform Girls One

Crisp uniforms with soft, susceptible girl's inside them. A girl bugler, and WRAF.

Whispers One

Humiliation dress. Held hostage. Cornfield encounter.

The Supplement One £3.50

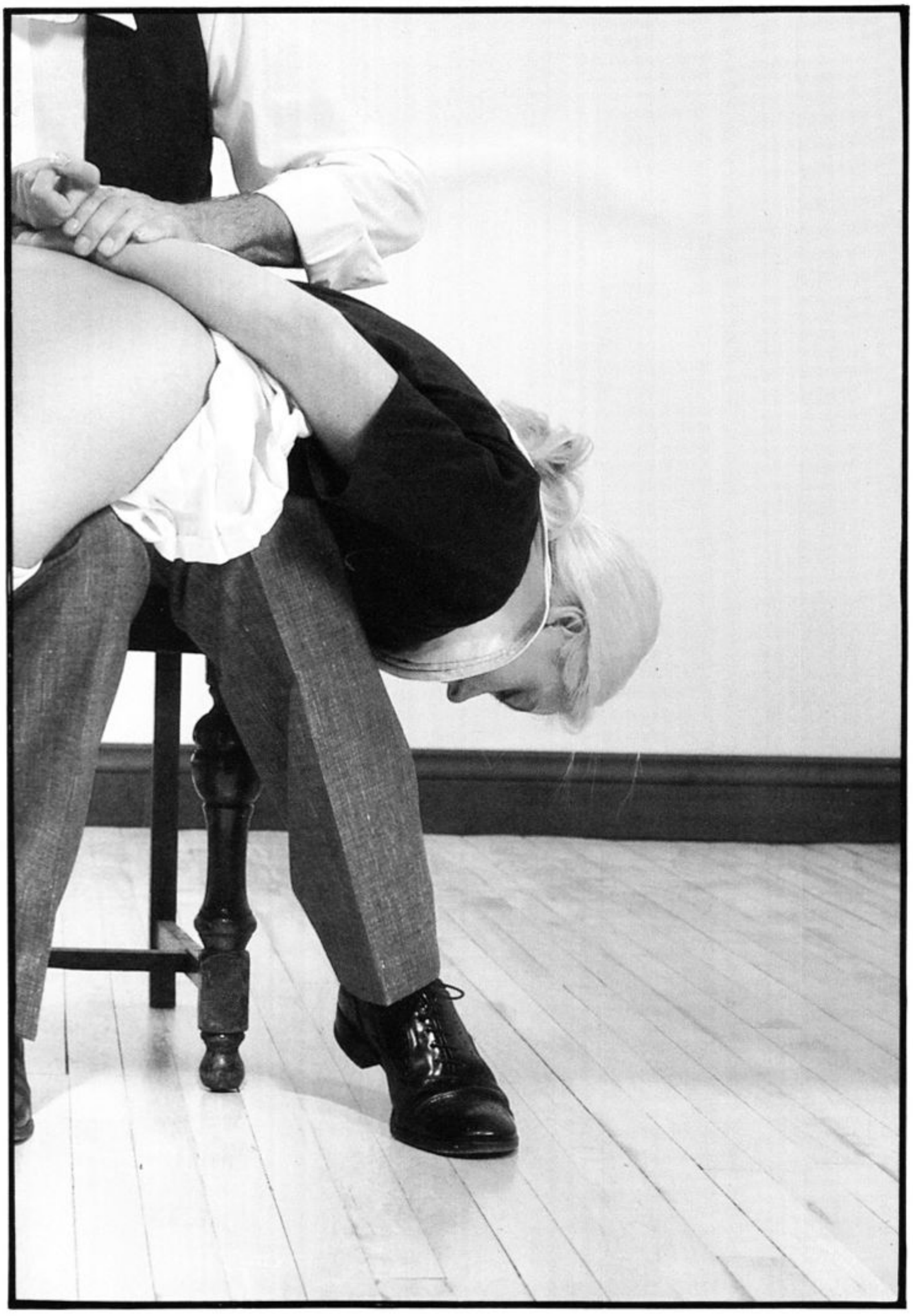
Girls in Germany in 1936. Spankings, canings, fresh and original articles.

Blushes Four

Newsround girls whipped, others chastised in domestic service.

GIRLS TODAY

Number 52



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EVENING TUTORIAL

The phone rang. It was Mr Finling.

'Christine? Hello dear. Just a quick word. I'd like you in the sailor suit this evening. OK? I wasn't sure what I said last time. But definitely the sailor suit. OK?'

Looking across at David Christine smiled and said OK.

'Lovely. The normal time then. Are you by yourself right now?'

Christine rounded her big blue eyes at David and said no.

Mr Finling laughed softly. 'A girlfriend or a boyfriend? As long a you're not doing anything naughty dear. You'll have to tell me later, won't you.'

He rang off. She thought: maybe he had rung to see how long it took her to answer. And if the phone had to ring a few times it might mean she **was** doing something. With David. She had told Mr Finling about David, the new boy at school whom she rather fancied. And Mr Finling **had** said last time he wanted the sailor suit. Although he could have forgotten, as he said.

Christine could have had her knickers off with David on top of her. His stiff thing sliding in and out of her well-lubricated vagina.

Christine and David hadn't been doing anything as it happened. Just sitting on either side of the coffee table in Christine's lounge. It was 4.30 and neither of her parents got back before 5.30. So they **could** have been doing something. Right here on the lounge settee for instance. Christine could have had her knickers off with David on top of her. His stiff thing sliding in and out of her well-lubricated vagina. That was what Mr Lindale in Biology said, 'the well-lubricated vagina', making some girls in the class go very red in the face.

But of course Christine and David hadn't been doing that. Christine hadn't done it with anyone yet, although she was 18 and quite a number of girls of 18 had. Did Mr Finling really believe she hadn't done it yet? With David? Or someone?

David asked who it was on the phone. Christine reached behind her to unfasten her blonde ponytail, the action as she knew thrusting out her big boobs. 'Maybe it was my other boyfriend,' she teased. 'Desperate to see me. Do you think?'

David flushed slightly and shrugged. He was still unsure of himself with Christine who was such a beautiful girl with a stunning figure. Beautiful enough to be a model or something. He was new to the town and still found it difficult to believe he had got this far with Christine Calvert, who was certainly the best looking girl at his new school.

'Actually it was Mr Finling. He's my tutor. I have to see him later.'

Nothing about the sailor suit of course. Oh no, she couldn't tell David about that. She couldn't tell **anyone** about that.

'Your tutor? What does he tute?'

'Oh various thing. Things that I'm stupid in I suppose. Come over here and sit next to me.'

David came across to sit on the settee.

'What subjects. English, French?' He couldn't really believe Christine had a tutor.

'Yes,' she said airily. 'Whatever I'm **deficient** in.' She squeezed David's upper arm through his shirt sleeve.

He laughed. 'So it really wasn't your other boyfriend?'

'No. My other boyfriend doesn't call on Tuesdays. I see him Wednesdays mostly. He comes round and I usually let him screw me here on the settee. If he's brought a contraceptive that is. because a girl's got to be careful about getting pregnant. But if he has I'm nice to him and let him have access to my well-lubricated vagina.'

He had gone red in the face. She moved her hand to his thigh.

David wasn't laughing or smiling now. He had gone red in the face. She moved her hand to his thigh. 'Mr Lindale said that in Biology. Prior to intercourse as a natural process the woman's vagina becomes well-lubricated. Susan Bartlett and Angela Greene went bright red! Probably

they'd been doing it the previous night and theirs had been well lubricated.'

'But not Christine Calvert?' David's voice had a shaky edge.

'No, I don't think I went red. I kept my cool.'

'I mean .. you hadn't been .. doing it the previous night?'

'No, it wasn't my night for doing it.' She rubbed his thigh. 'Oh David, I was only **joking.** You know I don't have another boyfriend. And I **don't** do it.' Her hand moved up to his crotch. 'mmm .. are you stiff ..?'

David grunted. He did have a semi-erection. As a result of what Christine had been saying – although the thought of her screwing someone else made him feel sick. Her hand rubbed him.

'Would you like me to do something?' Fingers finding his zip and tugging it down.

He said, 'What about your tutor? Will he approve?'

Christine had it out. It was fully erect now. Her fingers clasped round it as far as they could. She commenced a pumping action.

'No. Pretty definitely he won't approve. And he'll make me tell him. So I suppose I'll get punished.' She looked up her wide blue eyes meeting David's as she continued stroking. 'I'll just have to take my punishment, won't I?'

David's cock was getting even bigger, the head a swollen purply-pink. David's face was red too, and intense-looking.

'Shall I tell you how he punishes me?' Christine said silkily. But of course she was only joking. She wouldn't tell David that. And that was what she said afterwards, after David had come, spurting out and she had caught it in a tissue so that he didn't make a mess on her dress or the carpet. He asked, as she thought he would because clearly David was rather interested in Mr Finling, and she told him:

'I was only joking. He doesn't punish me.'

But of course that wasn't true. Mr Finling could hand out really painful punishments.

* * *

'Hello lovely girl!' Mr Finling greeted Christine with a little kiss on her mouth. 'Come in and take your coat off. Then come through to the drawing room and let me see you.'

He was wearing a black open waistcoat on top of his shirt this evening which with his trimmed beard, Christine thought made Mr Finling look quite like an artist. Although he wasn't of course.

His house was about a mile from Chirstine's and she normally rode her bike over as she had this evening. If it was raining, though, Mr Finling would give her a lift in his car because he was very keen for her not to miss any of her regular Tuesday and Thursday evening sessions. Whatever her mode of transport Christine wore a coat because Mr Finling's outfits were likely to cause more than a raised eyebrow if seen by the casual passer-by. The sailor suit was perhaps one of the least eyebrow-raising outfits but it would nonetheless cause comment when worn, as it was, by a beautiful and very well-developed 18-year-old girl.

The sailor suit consisted of a short-sleeved navy top with little white buttons down the front and with a wide white sailor collar, plus a very short full-pleated white skirt. With this outfit Mr Finling required shiny black patent-leather strap-over shoes with white ankle socks, but these were only put on after Christine's arrival because again the little-girl shoes in particular might look odd on a full-grown girl.

With the shoes and socks now on (they had as usual been waiting for her in the hallway) Christine followed Mr Finling into the drawing room. He was sitting in his favourite armchair with a glass of white wine on the little table in front of him.

Christine stopped in the centre of the room. She came to attention, then curtsied. Finally she performed a swirling pirouette. As well as spinning out her long blonde ponytail this caused the short pleated skirt to bell out and reveal everything underneath as far as her waist. The full, softly-rounded thighs and above them her ripe-cheeked bottom and in front the bulge of her **mons veneris** all contained in snowy-white nylon knickers.

'Splendid!' Mr Finling applauded, clapping his hands. With her pirouette finished Christine performed a second curtsy, then continued forward to stand at his side in a little-girl pose: the shiny black shoes together and her hands clasped together in front of the abbreviated skirt.

'Lovely!' Mr Finling said. His hand came round to gently caress the back of Christine's near-side thigh. 'I do love you in the sailor suit. You make such a lovely little sailor-girl.'

The caressing hand slid up. 'One with such a scrumptious big bum.' The hand fondling her bottom through the tight white nylon knickers. 'Not to mention her quite marvelous big boobs, eh Christine dear?'

Mr Finling didn't really need an answer to this, but he did to his next question. 'Well, was it that David you were with dear? Mmm ..?'

Christine said, 'uh .. yes ..' As the hand continued its detailed exploration of her bottom. Although of course it was terrain that the hand was very familiar with.

She came to attention, then curtsied. Finally she performed a swirling pirouette. As well as spinning out her long blonde ponytail this caused the short pleated skirt to bell out and reveal everything underneath.

'And were we smooching, Christine darling? Were we getting all hot and steamy. With our school clothing in charming disarray? Our knickers

perhaps down – or even off altogether?'

'No! Really I wasn't. We were just talking .. about school work.

'Of course! I am sure you were dear. And I am sure my lovely Christine would not dream of taking her knickers down when she is having an innocent visit with a boyfriend. Nor indeed would she dream of letting this boy take her knickers down, even though boys can be very persistent about such matters. No. But I just think ...'

Mr Finling's hand had moved up from the cheeks of Christine's bottom to the waistband of her knickers. 'I just think that ... a little something .. as a reminder .. would not be at all amiss.' The hand was of course now sliding Christine's knickers down.

'Not the cane!' she blurted. 'Not that bloody cane! And **anyway** ... I **wasn't** doing anything. Really ...'

The taut nylon knickers were down off Christine's shapely bum now. And Mr Finling's hand was back there, now on the silky bare flesh.

'I know dear. And I'm not accusing you of anything. It's just a reminder. And really I think we **might** have the cane. These darling springy nates seem to be crying out for it.'

Please! Just a spanking. And I'll be really good! I'll keep really still.

'**No**! They're **not**. They're crying out **not to get it.** Please! Just a spanking. And I'll be really good! I'll keep really still. And if you want ... I'll open my legs. And keep them ... just how you like.'

'Hmm ..' Mr Finling's fingers gave a sharp pinch to the full flesh of Christine's near-side bottom-cheek. 'We'll have to see. I'll have to keep my options open of course. Anyway we'll start off with a spanking. Go and wait for me while I finish my drink.'

The fingers gave a dismissive, and this time **very sharp,** pinch to the companion cheek, this one bringing a yelp from Christine. She stepped away, and reached to pull up her knickers. Mr Finling would want them down but he would also want her to go through the proper ritual for a spanking. Which began with knickers properly in place. She rubbed ruefully at the site of the final painful pinch. It was a reminder that he could hurt her. That she could still get the cane.

With knickers up again she walked demurely over to the alcove and the high-backed wooden chair which was Mr Finling's routine spanking chair. A spanking wasn't all that bad. It could make your bottom sting – but nothing like the cane. And maybe Mr Finling wasn't going to believe she hadn't been doing anything at all with David. And if he managed to prise something out of her ... Well the fact that she hadn't been telling the truth would make it worse. She would certainly get a caning then. Probably a pretty awful one. Like that time before when he had found out she hadn't told the truth.

She stepped away, and reached to pull up her knickers. Mr Finling would want them down but he would also want her to go through the proper ritual for a spanking.

Christ! She shouldn't have done that with David. Not taken his thing out of his trousers and played with it. But at the time she had felt a **real urge** to do it. To have that hot and quivering thing in her hand. And then being able to bring him off. Pumping it ... and feeling the climax coming. David's sperm ready to spurt out. And David with no control of course, **she** was doing it.

You should learn more self-control, she told herself. Standing now behind the spanking chair. Eyeing Mr Finling as he leisurely sipped his wine. And thinking at the same time of David's stiff and urgent prick which she had had in her hand less than two hours earlier. Oh Christ! She **didn't want the cane.** Maybe she should confess, it might make it easier. Get down on her knees. Then she **might not** get the cane.

Mr Finling had finished his drink. 'Are you ready?' he called over.

'Yes Mr Finling.' A contrite little-girl voice. Turning in front of the chair now. And flipping up the short pleated skirt. Holding it up round her waist, to show Mr Finling her bottom in the tight knickers. The delectable twin-moon target facing him as he now came over.

Coming close and his fingers lightly testing underneath the ripe jut. 'So. Nothing more to say at this juncture dear?'

'Ah .. I ..' She wanted to say. Confess at least something. But Mr Finling didn't really seem to want to hear. Not at this point. He was ready for a spanking. He wanted to get his hand at Christine's ripe bum. Later on perhaps.

'Come on!' He moved her and sat down. Then pulled Christine over his lap. Right away tugging down the knickers.

'Come on! Let's give you something to be going on with at least.'

Sometimes Mr Finling liked to fiddle about first. Fiddling with her bared bottom – and his hand frequently sliding in and under to also fiddle with her pussy.

Christine gave a yelp as his hand slammed down on her bare bottom. Sometimes Mr Finling liked to fiddle about first. Fiddling with her bared bottom – and his hand frequently sliding in and under to also fiddle with her pussy. And Mr Finling of course knew just what to do, exactly where to put or insert his fiddling fingers, so as to get a girl **really going.** And then when he had got her going, **that** was the time he might start slamming his hand down. with devastating effect, when she was all hot and squirmy and **ready to come.**

But tonight there was none of that. Or at least not yet. It was just straight in with the slamming hand. A real shock to the system. Though not as much of a shock as when Mr Finling had got her going first. And certainly **not** as much of a dreadful shock as getting that bloody cane.

But it was hurting alright. Really **stinging!** Just think of the cane! And

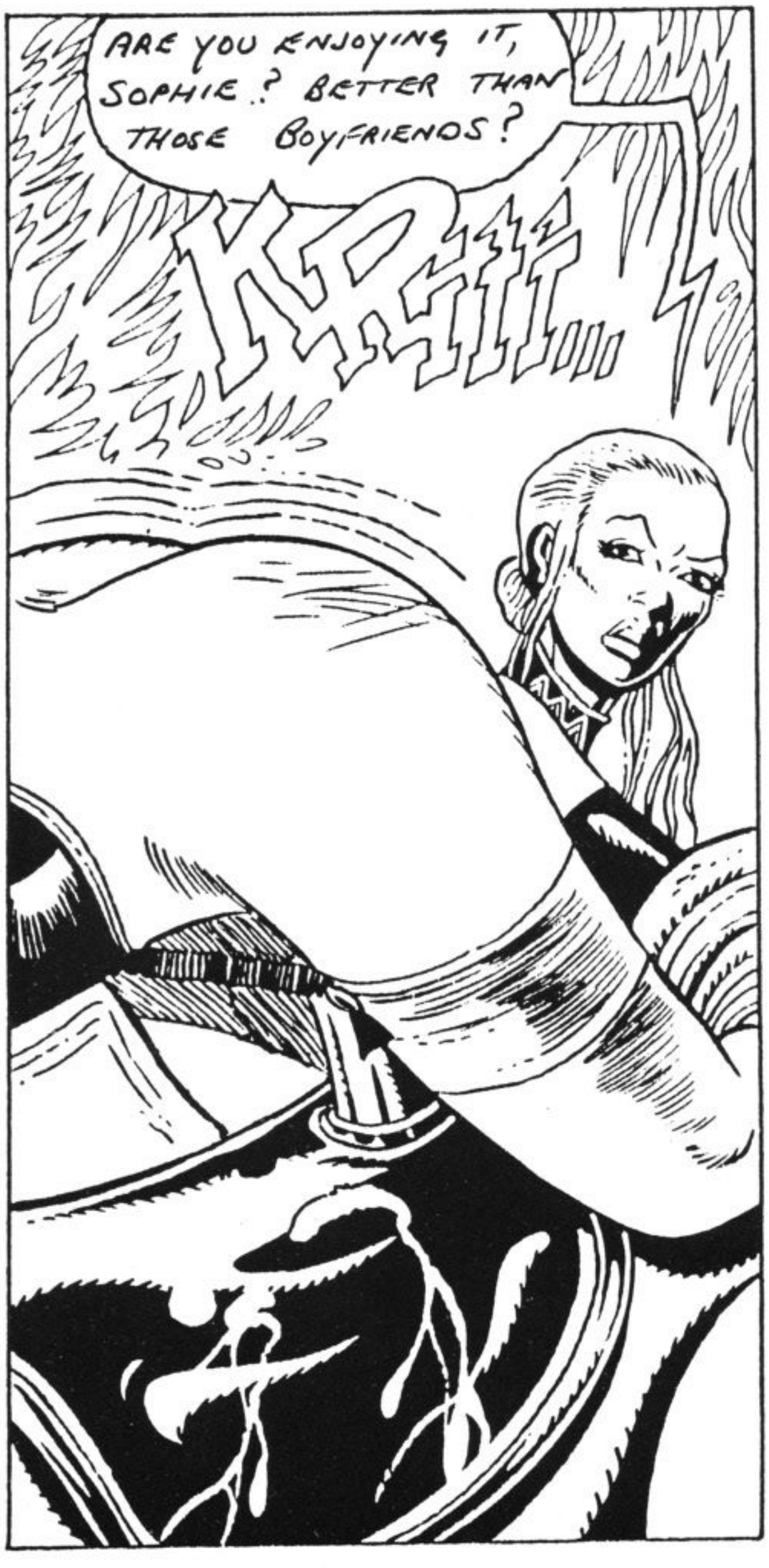
Continued on page 49

RETURN TO MADAM DUCHESNE'S

It was still filling Sophie's mind like a nightmare. 'It had been so awful it could almost have been a nightmare because it was difficult to think such an experience could actually happen. But it HAD happened of course. Sophie had her sore and aching pussy to tell her that. Undeniably she HAD been viciously

penetrated by that dreadful ram. By its sickening monster organ. Hanging onto the ram's horns for dear life while it worked its way with her. The giant greased penis sliding in and out. Slow at first ... and then faster ... Then slow again ... and then really agonisingly fast ...

Sitting in the taxi with Henri Sophie tried not to think about it, but she couldn't NOT think about. It had been so big she would never have thought she could have taken it ... but somehow she had ... There had been the whipping too of course. That had been truly dreadful. Madam Duchesne's awful black-handled whip. But it was the mechanical ram, "Theton", and his monster organ that continued to fill Sophie's mind. Maybe she would never



get it out of her mind, though naturally it was too early to know about that. The frightful experience had happened only half an hour ago.

In the darkness of the taxi Henri put his hand on her thigh, squeezing. 'How was that first session then?'

First! Did that mean there could be a second? She couldn't possibly take any more! Sophie started sobbing. 'I ... I don't know h ... how you co ... could possibly s .. s .. subject me ...'

She couldn't get a proper sentence out. Henri said grimly, 'And I of course don't know how you could be screwing your hairdresser. In our apartment indeed! I

just wonder how many other men you've had between your legs since our marriage.'

'None Henri! I swear it!' Sophie gave another little sob. 'How can you m...make these dreadful accusations of your wife!'

But the truth was, though she might swear otherwise, that since their marriage 10 months earlier Henri's sweet and charming young wife HAD indulged in the sex act with other men in addition to Albert Froisson her hairdresser. Various sex acts if you wanted to be specific. The full act of penetration of Sophie's vagina by an erect penis – and other acts such as her sucking the erect male organ and likewise having her own pussy sucked by another man. And once also the act of buggery. Yes Sophie's delicious bottom penetrated!

Henri himself of course had never indulged in that practice and indeed Sophie would have reacted in shock and indignation should her husband ever have suggested or attempted it. But nonetheless it had happened – with a certain Marcel Rigny.

COME ON, SOCK IT! AND YOU KNOW WHERE IT GOES NEXT...

YES SOPHIE... IF A GIRL LIKES ACTION IN HER!!

NOOOO

NO!! PLEASE!! NOT.....

UUUH...

MONSIEUR BECAUD... PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO JOIN IN??

UUUH!!

MY WORD! YES, I RATHER THINK SO! THREE AT ONCE, EH.....

MM...

UHUH!!

It had happened on a picnic Sophie and Marcel had taken on the banks of the lovely River Seine about six weeks ago now, on a pleasant afternoon whilst Henri of course was busy at his office. Sophie had fully intended to allow her companion the act of intercourse after they had partaken of the delicious food and drink which Marcel had had prepared, and indeed for this purpose she had gone with Marcel on their drive out into the country in his motor car wearing no knickers under her pretty summer frock. Sophie had already been fucked by Marcel on two earlier occasions. But naturally we are talking here of the act of normal intercourse, because what respectable young wife indulging in an afternoon of discreet adultery with a charming and presumed also respectable young man would ever imagine otherwise?

But Marcel, after having his act of normal intercourse, the full and exquisite penetration of Sophie Becaud's vagina, had then wanted something else. The other act. Sophie had naturally refused this request but Marcel had persisted. And somehow ... he had managed to achieve his objective. Somehow, after the consumption of more of that delightful white wine, persuading Sophie to turn over on her front ... and raise herself up on her hands and knees. To allow his penetration.

It had been really too bad of Marcel to keep on at her like that until poor Sophie had no will to refuse. She had refused to speak to him for a whole week afterwards. Yes it had been awful – but at the same time you could possibly say it was an act a young wife should know about. And therefore perhaps should indulge in, just the once. And Sophie had the idea, from certain little jokes and guarded remarks,

that a number of her friends also from time to time indulged in this unacceptable practice. Not with their husbands naturally.

But naturally Henri didn't know about Marcel or any of the others. Sophie was always most discreet in her liaisons and dalliances, as a respectable upper-middle-class young wife should be. And the partners she allowed the privilege of access to her lovely body were always discreet too. So Henri was kept happily in ignorance. It had only been that unfortunate afternoon with Albert, her hairdresser, which had produced this nasty black cloud in Sophie's sunny skies.

In the taxi with her now and on their way home, Henri grunted at Sophie's protestation of wifely innocence. A grunt possibly of disbelief? Really it was too much! She made another little sobbing sound.

'Darling H .. Henri .... Y .. You've made me take m .. my punishment. An imp .. p ..

TAKE THE WHIP, MONSIEUR. WARM HER UP A LITTLE !!

NO HENRI ! PLEASE !! I'LL NEVER B.. BE UNFAITHFUL AGAIN !! NEVER... NEVER.....

possible punishment. But now I w .. want to forget it. We can, can't we? I w .. want us both to forget it.'

Henri's answer to this was another ambiguous grunt.

* * *

Back at their apartment they had some supper, though poor Sophie certainly had no appetiter, and then went to bed. And Henri wanted intercourse right away! Perhaps he had become excited by watching Sophie's dreadful punishment. This was an awful thought for Sophie, but one had to accept that men could be beastly at times. Henri had been truly beastly in taking his sweet and lovely wife to Madam Duchesne for that dreadful punishment and it WAS possible to imagine the extra beastliness of him getting excited by the whole thing. Unfortunately.

In any other circumstances Sophie would have refused, pointing out to Henri that her poor pussy, after what dreadful Theton had done to it, was in no state at all for the act of intercourse. Perhaps in a week her sensitive membrances might have recovered sufficiently – but really not before, Henri please. Yes, but in the event and being quite desperate to show her contribution Sophie nobly decided to let the event proceed. To let Henri have his fuck, however excruciating it might be for her.

And it was EXTREMELY painful. To try to distract herself as Henri thrust into her abused part, Sophie let her mind wander to other matters. As it happened to other instances of the act of intercourse. Fucking. With other partners. That occasion with Marcel for one.

* * *

As it was to turn out the occasion with Marcel was yet to have most unfortunate repercussions. Unfortunately like the occasion with Albert. Sophie might imagine that the matter was now over: That unpleasant episode six weeks ago

when Marcel had managed to persuade her onto her hands and knees in that tranquil and idyllic spot on the banks of the Seine, and then raising her pretty dress to thrust his eager organ into her tight portal. Unpleasant and painful and certainly most fortunate that Henri would never know of it.

Yes that was what Sophie thought. Because who would imagine any different? Who would imagine ... that MARCEL WOULD TALK!

Not talk directly to Henri certainly. For one thing Marcel didn't really know Henri. But it seemed that Marcel had blabbed to a mutual acquaintance. A certain Dominic Montrand.

Dominic Montrand was certainly known to Henri. A business acquaintance and you could almost say a friend – except that a true friend would not attempt secretly to seduce Henri's lovely young wife. Because that was what Dominic had certainly attempted. Telling Sophie on various occasions when he managed to get her alone what a devoted admirer he was – and telling her also that to prove his devotion he was desperate to engage in sexual intercourse with her. Yes pleading with Sophie to let him fuck her.

But Sophie had refused these blandishments. She did not find Dominic at all attractive, he was fiftyish and rather fat, and so she had no difficulty in assuming her devoted and faithful wife role. No, Dominic's suggestions were quite impossible. But it seemed now that Sophie would have been wiser to have

discreetly opened her legs for him. Because now, greatly annoyed to hear of Marcel's boastings and the fact, if that young man were to be believed, that he had succeeded where he himself had signally failed, Dominic had gone to Henri. Saying he was honour bound to mention no names but equally honour bound to tell Henri. That a certain young man claimed to have had Sophie. And to have enjoyed not just the delights of her lovely pussy but her bottom too!

This was of course most unfortunate for poor Sophie. Coming on top of the Albert episode it was too much for Henri. Without that unhappy business Sophie's husband might well have paid no heed to Dominic's story. Henri would have believed his lovely wife's desperate denials when he recounted what Dominic had said. But of course now Henri point-black refused to listen to her. And furthermore Henri was so aggressive in his cross-examination, like an inspector from the Spanish Inquisition, that poor Sophie broke down and more or less admitted her guilt.

Grim-faced, Henri said they would certainly be returning to Madam Duchesne and not just for just one more visit. Gripping poor Sophie's chin painfully, he forced his tearful young wife to look at him. 'And I shall ask Madam Duchesne for some treatment which is fully appropriate to this new revelation.'

* * *

And so poor Sophie was taken back to that dreaded apartment of Madam Monique Duchesne – just one week after her first mind-numbing visit. Perhaps Henri would have taken her for a second session anyway, but it wouldn't have been for what she is going to get now. It would just presumably have been a repeat of before.

Not that that wasn't awful enough of course – and it is how poor Sophie is started off again on this occasion. That is, forced to strip down to waist corset, stockings and high-heeled shoes and get astride Theton. Theton, the dreadful randy ram with his enormous black leather phallus! Yes hand on to his horns for dear life and with her legs parted sit back ... and allow the greased head of that giant penis to enter her poor pussy. Sophie's poor pussy which was so abused a week ago is now subjected to the same treatment. She feels again those hot tears wetting her cheeks as she struggles with the agonising pain. As it thrusts its way deep up into her.

Yes Sophie's poor pussy which in spite of continuing soreness she had allowed Henri to use whenever the fancy takes him. Not complaining – well not really. And also ... not allowing any other male acquaintance to use it. Because yes, since that first visit here to awful Madam Duchesne Sophie has been strictly virtuous and faithful to her marriage vows. In spite of a number of fervent appeals to do otherwise. Refusing all blandishments ... and where has it got her?

Sophie whimpers with the awful agony of it. The ram's huge cock has entered fully now ... and is sliding excruciatingly in and out. It is pure murder! And there is also of course the sting of Madam Duchesne's dreadful whip. She has whipped Sophie first of all, before making her mount Theton. And now.

Has Madam Duchesne departed, for just a moment? Perhaps to get some item or other? Because it is the maid now working Theton's control. With Henri of course watching. Intently watching the torture of his lovely wife, a grim look of satisfaction on his handsome face.

Yes Monique HAD momentarily exited – but now she is back! And what is this! Fastened about Monique Duchesne's hips ... IT IS ANOTHER ENORMOUS ERECT PHALLUS. Fashioned of black leather like Theton's – but it seems even bigger than the ram's organ, which of course at this moment is deep in Sophie's desperately stretched vagina.

Through tear-drenched eyes Sophie saw

this vision. The image entering her frantic, dazed head. It can't be real! She must be imagining it! But no. Madam Duchesne has approached, with this great prong jutting before her. In those crisp authoritarian toners she orders Sophie to take the head of it in her mouth. To suck it.

"And you know where it's going then, my girl. Yes?'

Yes Sophie does know! She can guess the awfulness of it, as reluctantly she opens her mouth and allows the huge cock to thrust in. A desperate muffled cry escapes her lips.

'Yes Sophie. If a girl likes some action, Erick here can provide it. And maybe more than she wants!'

With the cock in her mouth Sophie attempts to shake her head. NO! NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! She can't possibly take that huge thing! Theton is impossible, he is killing her. But this ... this Erik ...

But it is happening. There is no escaping the horrors of this room. Madam Duchesne has taken the phallus from Sophie's mouth and gone round to her rear. Where of course Theton's organ is still deep inside Sophie's vagina. And now Erik is at the poor girl. His sleek head thrusting at her, Sophie is curtly ordered to relax ... She gives a sharp cry ... as Erik noses in. She is going to faint, with the pain and sheer awfulness of this.

'That's better,' Monique Duchesne tells her grimly. Because she has Erik right in now. Fully up. It seems to the desperate Sophie that her body will be split apart, like an over-ripe fruit, with the sheer impossibility of having these dreadful objects inside her. She IS going to faint.

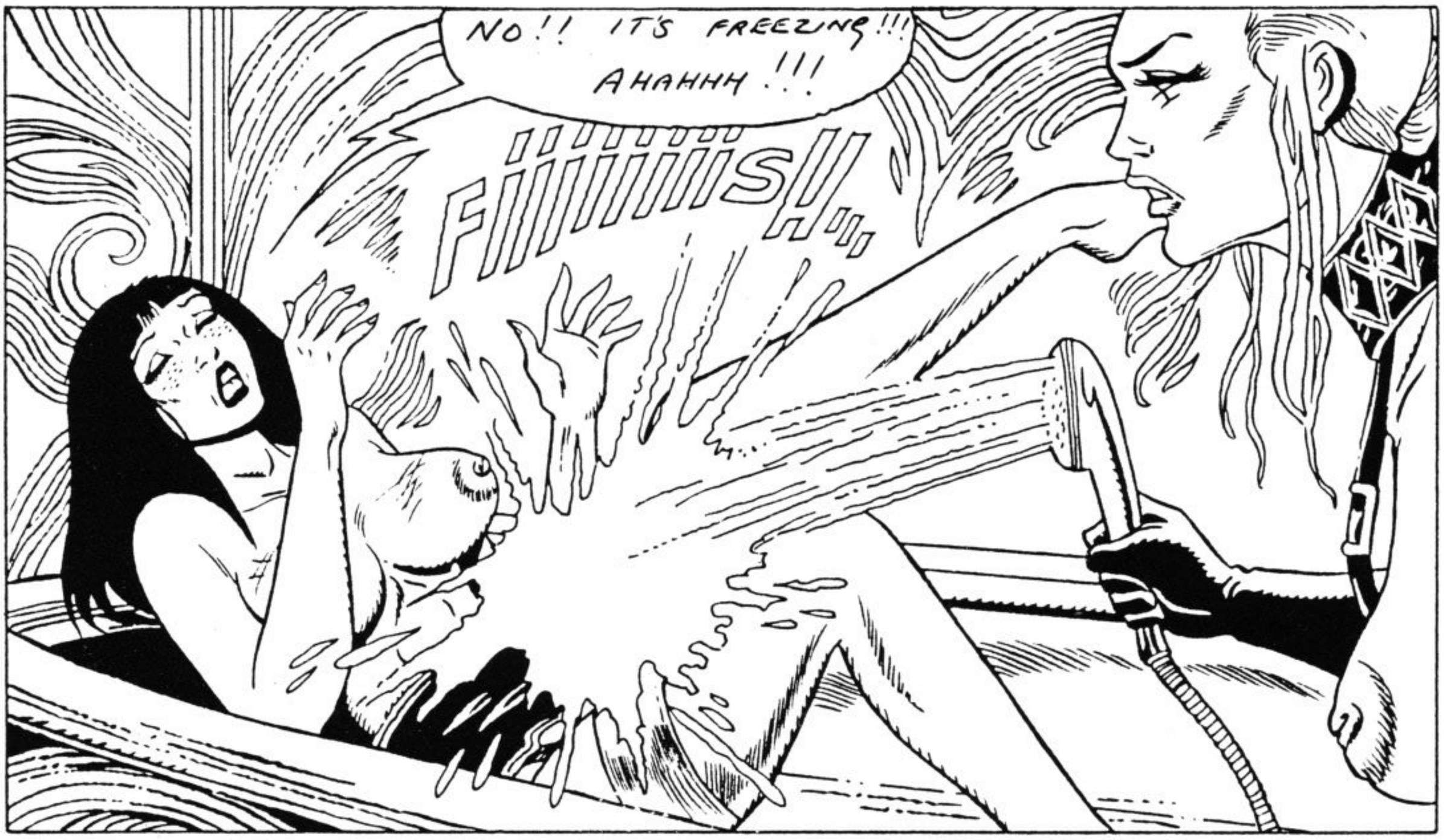
Henri is standing with a rapt expression on his face - and his own fully erect organ bulging the tight front of his smart trousers. Monique smiles, eyeing it.

'Monsieur Becaud, perhaps you would like to join in? I am sure your dear wife would oblige ... by sucking you.'

Henri needs no second invitiation. Face red with excitement, he pulls open his trouser front, then yanks down his underpants. His cock, in a state of feverish excitement, jerks stiffly out. He steps forward, thrusting it at Sophie's tear-stained face. It would be much better if she had fainted, but she hasn't. Sophie is forced to open her mouth ... and allow Henri's cock to slide it. Reluctantly she sucks.

Sophie is being fucked by all, Henri is so aroused he is almost coming already. He grabs Sophie's head, forcing himself even deeper into her mouth. The maid, in a frenzy of excitement too, is frigging her own cunt as she adjusts the speed of Theton's fucking.

Monique Duchesne hands her whip to Henri, urgine him to use it. Through gritted teeth and cracking the whip in, he



harangues his errant wife. He is just at the point of coming. His semen spurts into Sophie's mouth. Choking, she slides her head away, spluttering for mercy.

But Sophie's ordeal is not finished yet, and Henri is not finished either. He has come – but in his excitement his cock is still bone hard. He lashes the whip across Sophie. Her cries for mercy go unheeded as his rampant cock is again rammed between her lips. Sophie desperately sucks. Minutes later Henri come again. His sperm fills Sophie's mouth. This time the action does deflate his penis.

Monique withdraws Erik too – and Sophie collapses flat on the back of Theton. It seems she HAS now fainted. Clarisse lifts her off. There is a distinct SPLOP ... sound as the ram's organ too comes out.

From the outer room is the faint DRING .. DRING .. of the door bell. It will be another client, with his wife or perhaps daughter or niece. So Sophie's current ordeal is over. But there will have to be a further visit at least, maybe several. Henri, buttoning his trousers, is agreeing that with Madam Duchesne.

The exhausted Sophie is lying half-senseless over the back of a chair. At a word from Monique the maid urges her to her feet and leads her into the adjoining bathroom. In the bath Sophie has a fierce jet of iced cold water sprayed over her.

It is Saturday so Janice does not have to get up and she is lying in bed playing with herself. Her fingers idly stroking in her wet pussy as she thinks various sexy thoughts. She is 17 and the new school year starts next Wednesday and she will be in the Sixth Form. There is a lot she could think about that but she is not for the moment. For the moment and with the luxury of a lie in bed in the morning she is letting her mind wander down pleasantly stimulating avenues. The erect male penis for instance. Of her boyfriend Jeremy – but also of other males too. Males whose erect penises she hasn't seen but it is stimulating to imagine them. Those two men working on the road by the end of the garden for instance, who have whistled and also said things to her when she has walked by. It is easy to imagine their large erect organs.

Janice has got herself quite wet and her clitoris in a swoonily swollen and aroused state. She could lie here with two fingers in her pussy thinking these thoughts all day. But then the thought of school does percolate through. She is not going to be able simply to ignore it as she would like to.

If he gets the chance he will do things with it to girls. Actually do them, fuck them that is. If he can get something on a girl, some guilty secret, which will put her in his power

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There is Mr Harling in particular. Does Mr Harling have a big erect penis? Quite possibly. Indded Janice has heard it whispered – Those giggling Fifth Form whispers in the gym changing room – that Mr Harling does – and that also if he gets the chance he will do things with it to girls. Actually **do** them, fuck them that is. If he can get something on a girl, some guilty secret, which will put her in his power. Well Janice has certainly heard that hot whisper, though not giving it much credence. Mr Harling is not a man a girl can get very excited about in imagining him doing it to her. Not like, for instance, those two men working on the road. The younger one especially, what is he, 25 perhaps?, who when it is hot takes his shirt off and you can see all those swoony big muscles in his arms and shoulders. And imagine of course his big stiff cock, like in those pictures Sandra had. Or of course like Jeremy's and Janice has seen Jeremy's alright, had the hot flesh of it in her hand. Stroking it until Jeremy made all those groaning noises

GUILTY SECRETS

and then his stuff spurted out, all white and thick like cream, and almost got all over her dress. Emily said if you get it on your dress you can never get the stain of it out and your mother will know what you've been doing.

But Mr Harling. No, you wouldn't want to imagine playing with Mr Harling's and nor would you want to imagine having him doing it to you. Mr Harling has a bald head and glasses. And he is also in charge of the Lower Sixth. As well as that Mr Harling's special subject is History and at the end of last term he told all those people who would be back in the Lower Sixth this year to do some background reading in the summer. Rome in the age of Augustus, which is what they will be doing with him.

Janice hasn't done any of that reading. Not opened a book. Not even gone to the library to see if they have any books on the subject. She meant to of course. She has **kept** meaning to, all through the holiday, but somehow the days and then weeks passed by. Jeremy was responsible for a lot of that lost time. Those steamy afternoons, because it was these summer weeks that they first started getting involved, round at his house with his mother out at work. Jeremy's fingers where Janice's own are at this moment. His urgent fingers in her hot wet cunt. And her own, for the first time two weeks ago, on the bare throbbing flesh of his quivering prick. Well how could she even fleetingly think of Augustus or whatever his name was with all that filling her mind.

And not only Jeremy, there were her friends Sandra and Emily. She has seen a bit of them. And since last week those two men working on the road. Oh yes there has been plenty to occupy a girl's time and thoughts. But there is no need to panic, not really. There is still time. It is Saturday and school doesn't start until Wednesday. If she goes to the library this afternoon and gets a book.

Because you don't want to fall foul of Mr Harling. Even if he doesn't do things to you with his erect organ. No, even if Mr Harling doesn't do those things, it is probably just girl's heated imagination, there is no doubt that Mr Harling can be very scary. He can scare the knickers off you. And that is another rumour of course. That Mr Harling will take a girl's knickers down and spank her bare bottom, if he is particularly unhappy with her work. Sixth Form girls this is, he's not allowed to do it to younger ones. But in the Sixth Form he can and if you try to refuse he just says OK you'll have to leave. So ... you have to let him do it.

Mr Harling can be very scary. He can scare the knickers off you. And that is another rumour of course. That Mr Harling will take a girl's knickers down and spank her bare bottom, if he is particularly unhappy with her work

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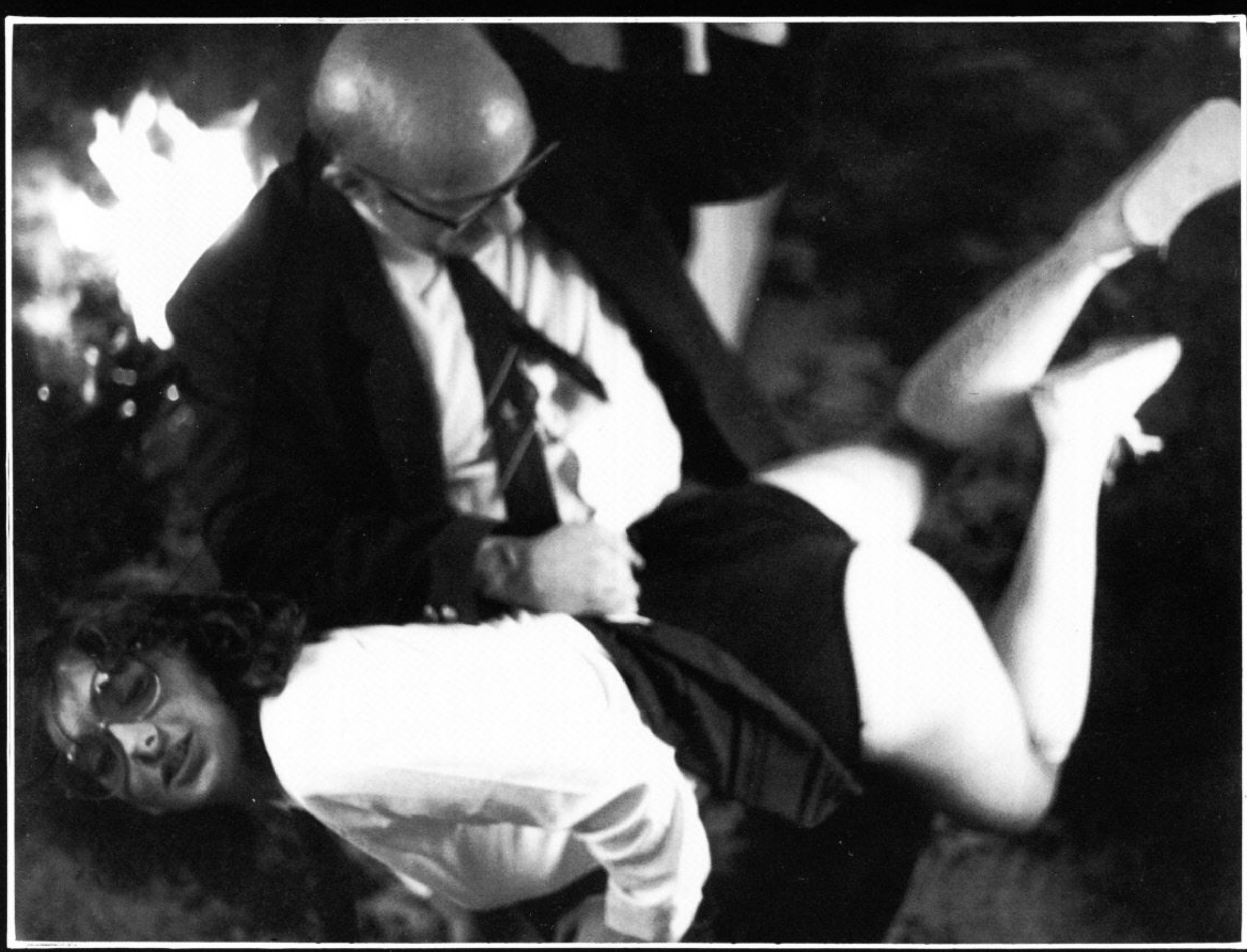
Is that really true? It **seems** to be true. Unlike the business of him fucking you which very probably is just excited rumour. For one thing Mandy Swithin



told Janice. Mandy went up into the Sixth last year. And Mandy told Janice Mr Harling did it to **her.** Got her over his lap and spanked her bare bottom. Of course Mandy **could** have made it up. But Janice doesn't think so. And other people have said it too, though not said he has done it to them. So Janice is inclined to believe it. These girls have also said he especially likes to do it to good-looking girls. Well Janice is good-looking of course, most people say so and most of the time Janice thinks so herself. Even though she wears glasses. And she has a nice figure too, that is why you get men working in the street giving little whistles when you have to walk by them.

All of this really should be enough to have you running down right away to the library to make sure you are really clued up about Rome and its boring emperors. If otherwise you stand a very good chance of being over Mr Harling's lap with your knickers down and his awful hand whacking down on your bare bottom. Yes it should when you think about it. She will definitely

go this morning. But the library won't be open just yet anyway. There is time for just a few more minutes. And it feels **so fantastic.** Her swollen clitoris feels like heaven ...

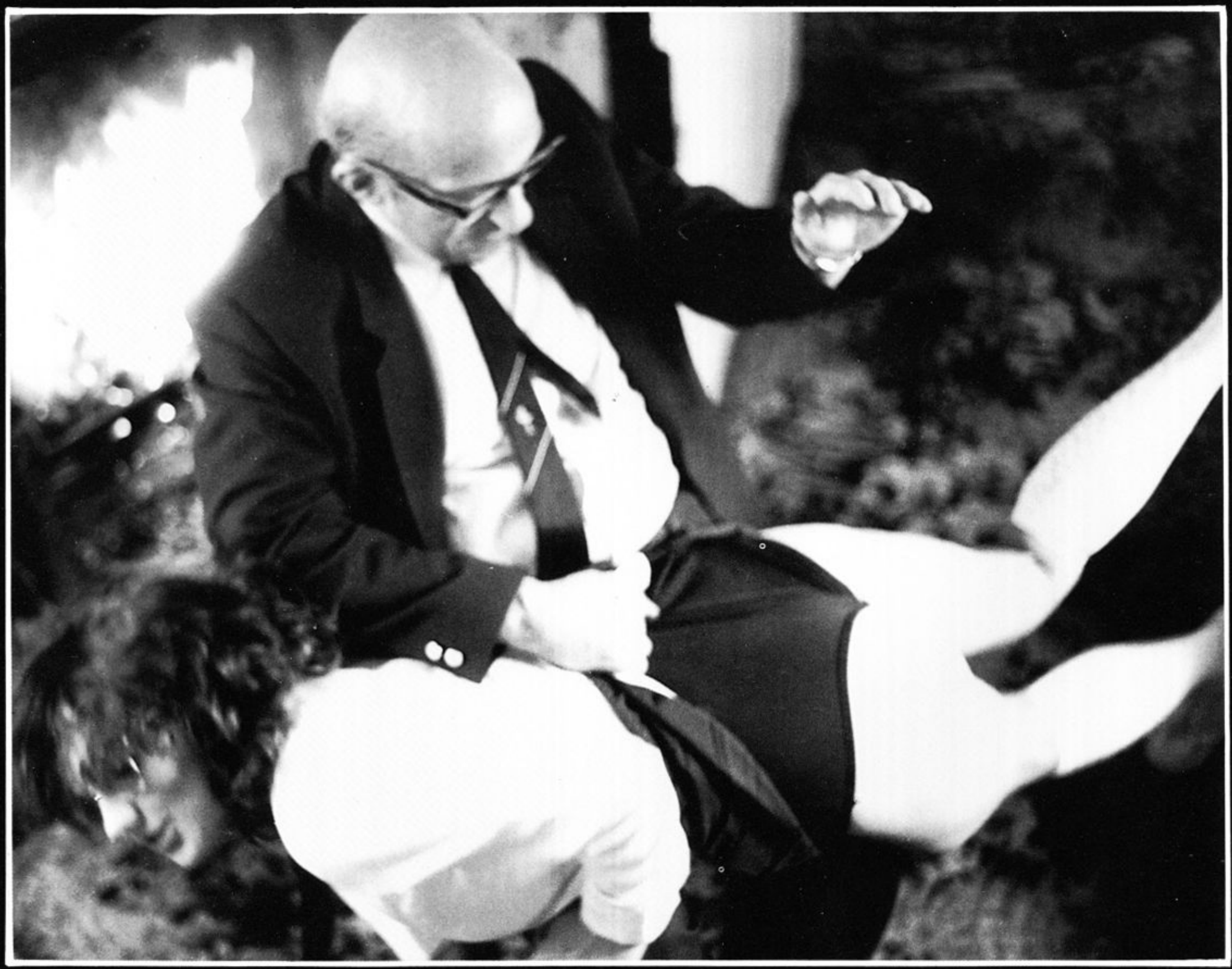
* * *

The younger one with those muscles, his name is Ron. Janice knows this now because she has spoken to him! She was all set to go to the library, in fact she was actually going when there he

certainly. He asked her name and then said his was Ron and his mate was called Stan. They worked for the council. He asked if she was still at school and she said yes, starting again on Wednesday worst luck. He grinned and said maybe he would see her in her uniform as they would probably still be there on Wednesday.
Well it was all pretty exciting (not that she was particularly keen for him to see her in her uniform looking like a schoolgirl) and naturally Janice

she might be too shy to speak to both of them together. Anyway she didn't want to talk to Stan, it was Ron ... She was also thinking about Jeremy of course. She saw him in the afternoon but they couldn't do anything much as there was nowhere private they could go, her parents were at home and so were Jeremy's.

On Monday ... She is all set to go to the library again. **Really** go this time, she really has to. But Ron ...

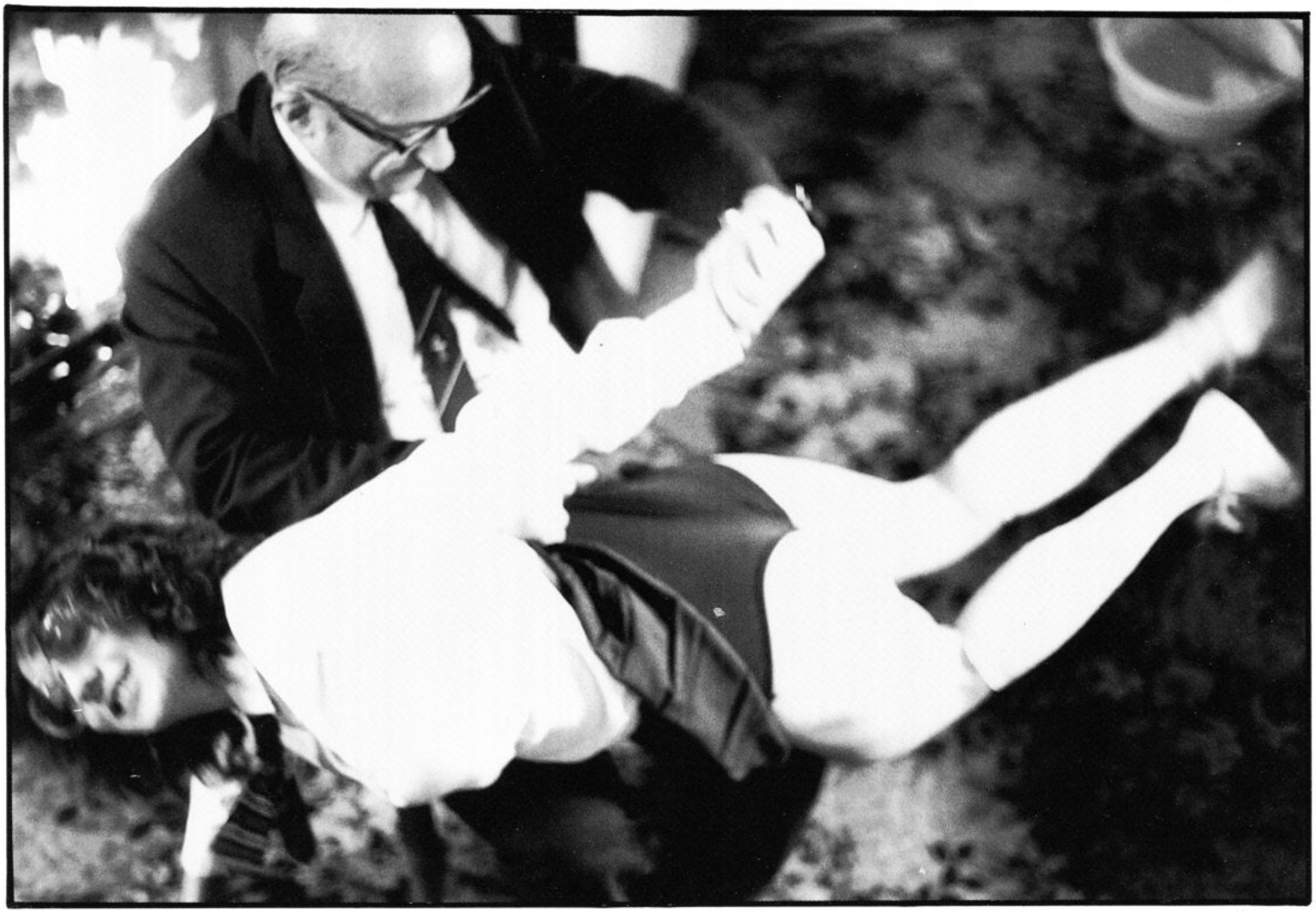


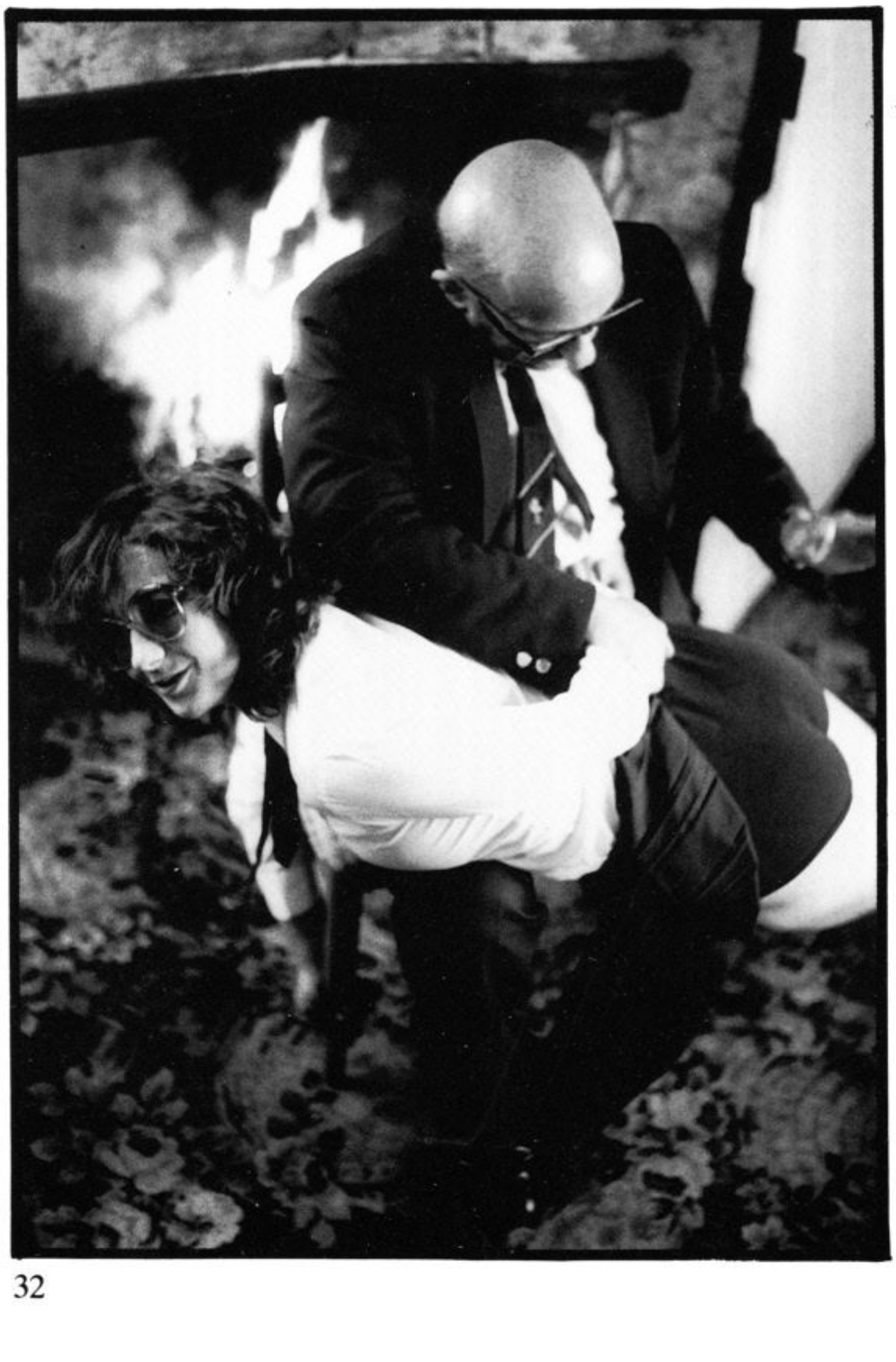
was by the hole in the road they had dug, only by himself this time. And this time he said Hi and somehow she stopped to talk, not walking on as usual in an embarrassed way and hearing those little whistles behind her and feeling their eyes staring at her legs and bottom. No this time stopping just for a moment even thought she could feel herself blushing. And it turned out to be more than just a moment, probably a few minutes

couldn't think of anything else after that. And she also happened to see Emily in town and they went for a coffee. Anyway the result was that she forgot all about the library and that book. Janice did think briefly about it when she got back but not to do anything about it, she was mostly thinking about that Ron though he wasn't there now he had gone off. But he would be there again on Monday! Probably with the other one, Stan, and

He is there by himself again! She has seen that from the house and it has set her heart thumping. But then something to really get it thumping, like a train, because Ron asked if he can have some water for his kettle. And Janice says, 'well I could make you a cup ...' And then, 'No one else is in ...'

Yes it is pretty unbelievable. Ron following her up the path and in the back door. He's got his shirt on of





course. She takes him into the sitting room like a proper guest and goes to make the tea. Back in the sitting room Ron has sat on the sofa so she sits on the chair opposite. But then after just a few minutes Ron says come over here with me. And she does ...

He is kissing her. His tongue pushing in her mouth. And the hand has left her tits and gone to her knees. It slides up under her skirt between her thighs. And before you know it it is mind-blowingly at Janice's pussy. Rubbing her wet slit

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After that it's **really** unbelievable. Just like those hot thoughts in her head when she is lying in bed playing with her pussy. 'you're really nice-looking you know,' he says and puts his arm around her. And then his other hand is feeling her tits through her thin blouse. And then ... he is kissing her. His tongue pushing in her mouth. And the hand has left her tits and gone to her knees. It slides up under her skirt between her thighs. And before you know it it is mind-blowingly at Janice's pussy. Rubbing her wet slit through the crotch of her knickers.

* * *

She knows she is going to be in real trouble with Mr Harling, dead trouble, but there is nothing she can do about it. It is too late now and in any case Janice is sort of mesmerised, her mind won't think in a logical way. What has happened – is happening – is too much for her and there is just a sort of daze in her head. Not that it will be any good telling Mr Harling that.

In the first class he says he is gong to want to see each of them separately in his room. All the new ones who have just joined the sixth. Janice is given an appointment for thursday afternoon. It is pretty awful. Because right away he is asking her about that work he set. Augustus. And of course she doesn't know a thing. In her dazed state she can't even think of saying she has been sick all summer, something like that, even if he wouldn't believe it it would be something. No she just can't think and she is even worse today. Because yesterday evening she saw Ron again. Telling Jeremy her mother said she had to stay in, but meeting Ron and he did it to her again. Fucked her. That was the second time now, the first being Tuesday afternoon when he came in the house for a cup of tea again.

So all Janice can do is stand in front of Mr Harling like a sort of dazed rabbit. What is he saying? She is going to have to come round to his house this evening, at seven o'clock. They will have to have a serious talk about her attitude. A very serious talk. She is to wear her uniform.

It is very cosy in Mr Harling's sitting room because he has got the fire lit. But that is really immaterial, isn't it? With everything else. And with Mr Harling now actually saying what those rumours have said he would say.

I like to give her something to shake her out of it. Something she won't like. A little physical chastisement. What I like to start with is a soundly smacked bottom. With your knickers down of course, on the bare

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'If I find a girl has a poor attitude, Janice, I like to give her something to shake her out of it. Something she won't like. A little physical chastisement. What I like to start with is a soundly smacked bottom. With your knickers down of course, on the bare. Girls generally don't like that. If her attitude doesn't improve of course I can progress to the cane. They like that even less. But mostly I find a smacked bottom and the **threat** of the cane are enough.'

Mr Harling delivers this statement almost as soon as they are there in the cosy sitting room. Janice standing before him as she did earlier in his room at school. She still can't really think. All her mind wants to think about is Ron. He wanted to see her again this evening. No doubt he wanted to do it again. Fuck her again. What if she gets pregnant? But Ron says you can't, not when you've only just started. That first time she was sore afterwards with Ron's big thing going up in her, but the second time, last night, only a little bit.

'Alright Miss? Shall we start then? Come here. We can start with your knickers on, then when I've got you warmed up we can take them down ...'

Mr Harling has pulled an upright chair in front of the fireplace and is now sitting on it. He repeats a brisk, 'Come here Janice.' She is standing in that dazed way, not really able to believe this. But she had better believe it. Mr Harling is going to take her knickers down and spank her bare bottom! **Christ**! She stumbles forward. He grabs her. Pulling her down.

She automatically struggles but she is over his lap and Mr Harling has got her pleated school skirt pulled right up over her back. Underneath she is wearing a pair of regulation school knickers, navy blue, which girls are supposed to wear all the time to school but sometimes in the Fifth and Sixth Forms don't, they put on something a bit more fancy. Especially if maybe they are seeing their boyfriend at lunch time or right after school. Janice will sometimes wear more fancy ones, pink or white or pale blue, when she is seeing Jeremy. And of course these last few days when it has been Ron. That first day when she first invited him in for a cup of tea, she had on brief pink ones, thought of course never imagining what would happen, that Ron would get his hand up there, and then take them down.

His hand, the one he is not gripping her tightly with, roams over the tautly knickered flesh, giving her bum a good feel

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Mr Harling, in spite of Janice's struggles, gets the navy knickers pulled up really tight over her nicely rounded bottom. His hand, the one he is not gripping her tightly with, roams over the tautly knickered flesh, giving her bum a good feel in fact. Which is something else they say he does. Feel you up. But then the feeling stops. And the spanking starts.

It is really awful. His hand whacking down as hard as he can. **Really stinging,** especially with her knickers yanked up like that, so tight between Janice's legs they are cutting into her pussy. She is rolling and writhing but to no effect, there is no way of escaping that fiercely whacking hand.

It seems to go on and on. But eventually Mr Harling does finally stop. 'OK? Is that OK for starters, Miss?'

He sounds a bit breathless. Janice doesn't answer, instead she gives a renewed squeal. Because Mr Harling's

She is letting her mind wander down pleasantly stimulating avenues. The erect male penis for instance. Of her boyfriend Jeremy – but also of other males too. Males whose erect penises she hasn't seen but it is stimulating to imagine them

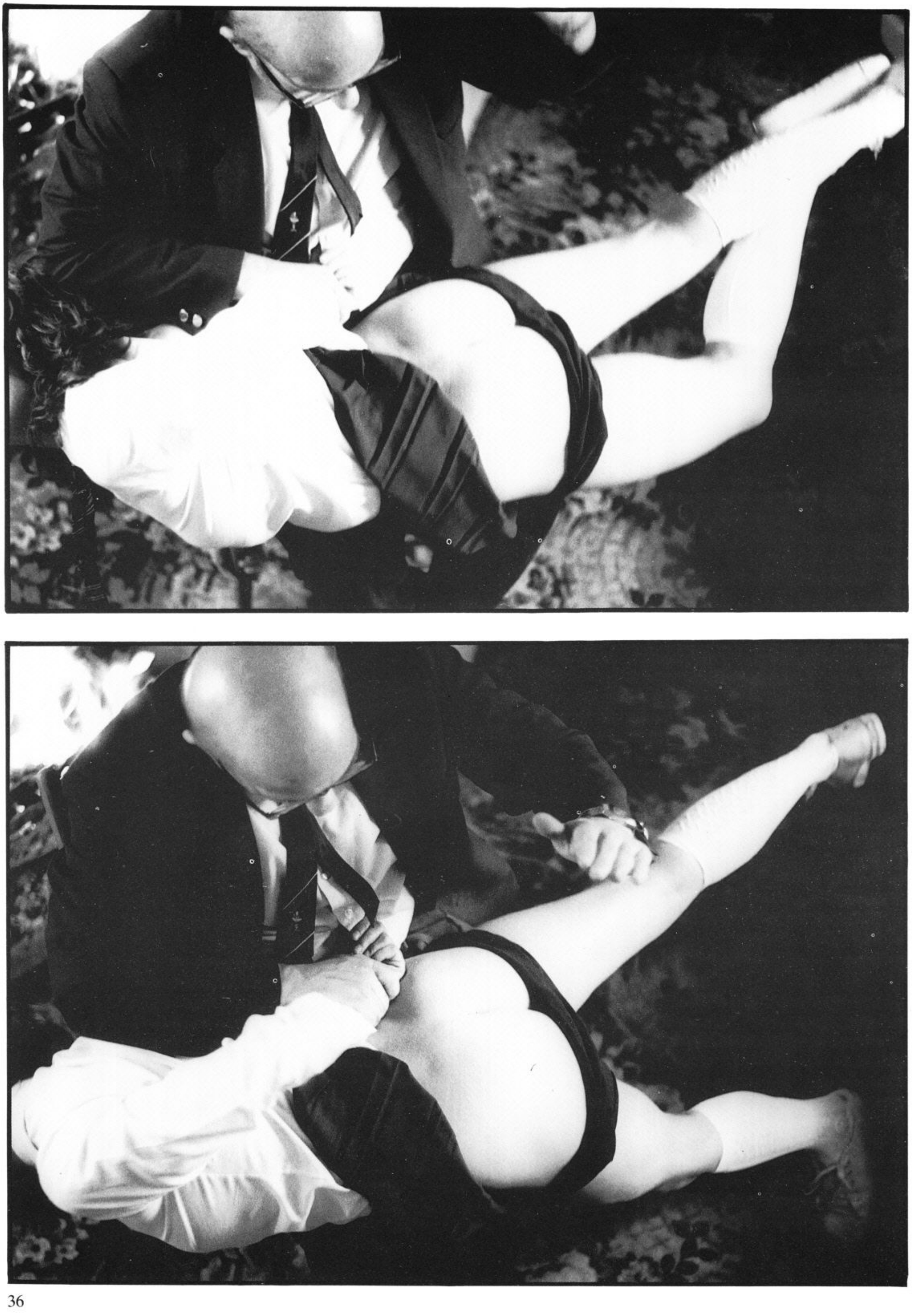
hand the spanking one, has slid in between her legs. Firmly grasping her pussy in those so-tight school knickers. He has a good leisurely grope, and again there is nothing Janice can do to stop him. Then he pushes her to her feet.

I want you to get them down. Then stand here in front of the fire with your skirt up round your waist. Be ready like that

'That was just for starters as I say. Now we want your knickers down, to give your bare bottom a warming.' He is standing up. 'I want you to get them down. Then stand here in front of the fire with your skirt up round your waist. Be ready like that when I get back in two minutes. Or I might just get the cane out and give you a taste of that.'

Janice feels like sobbing. That awful spanking which has left her breathless, and then that shocking grope. And now ... there is a lot worse to come. Her legs are all shaky and she sits down on the chair. But she has got to do what he has ordered. Or ... **the cane!**

You stand a very good chance of being over Mr Harling's lap with your knickers down and his awful hand whacking down on your bare bottom



Yes there are tears in her eyes alright. She stands and reaches up under her skirt. Fingers in the waistband of her knickers. She gets them down, then has to sit down again. But Mr Harling is coming back at any moment. Maybe with that cane! She forces herself to stand again, in front of the fire. Lifting up her skirt.

'That's good,' he tells her when he returns in a couple of minutes. 'I've just put the kettle on, for a nice cup of tea when I've done with you. For when we've got that bottom **really hot,** eh?'

* * *

Lying in bed Janice is shell-shocked. Bombed-out of her head. She has gone to bed right after getting back from Mr Harling's. 'Are you alright dear,' her Mum anxiously asked and Janice said weakly, 'Yes OK, just a headache.' She would have liked to tell her mother. **Everything.** But she can't of course. She shouldn't have started that with Ron. Definitely not. Or rather let him do it, because it wasn't her it was Ron but she should certainly not have allowed it. Not have allowed him to take her knickers down and play with her pussy. And **definitely not** have allowed him to screw her. But ... she just couldn't control herself. And ... it was so fantastic. Being fucked ... But

now Mr Harling as well. That awful spanking. And then afterwards his hand too, like Ron's. And Jeremy's too of course. But Mr Harling's hand doing it. In between her parted legs. His fingers at her wet pussy. Bringing her off. She came, she couldn't help it. Shuddering and squealing. And then Mr Harling went to make the tea.

But ... what now? She must really do that work. Mug it up right away or Mr Harling is going to give her the cane. Definitely the cane, not just another spanking next time he said. So she **has** to do it, she has to make herself. Janice groans. Her hand slides down between her legs. Her hot pussy. She begins to stroke herself.

It might seem impossible for things to get any worse. But ...

Mr Harling now knows! About Ron! Somehow ... Well actually it seems someone has told him, it was probably Mrs Varnon who lives opposite but Mr Harling wouldn't say. Probably Mrs Varnon saw Ron go in with Janice for a cup of tea and then she told Mr Harling she thought something was going on. And then ... Mr Harling forced it out of her. In the state she was in Janice just couldn't stand up to Mr Harling's persistent interrogation. Finally she tearfully admitted everything. Ron had fucked her.

Mr Harling sternly said that she would have to be expelled, plus of course her parents informed of the reason. That sort of behaviour simply could not be tolerated by the school. And it seemed to Janice that this really would be her fate because Mr Harling wouldn't listen to her desperate pleas. But eventually ...

She has to do it, she has to make herself. Janice groans. Her hand slides down between her legs. Her hot pussy. She begins to stroke herself

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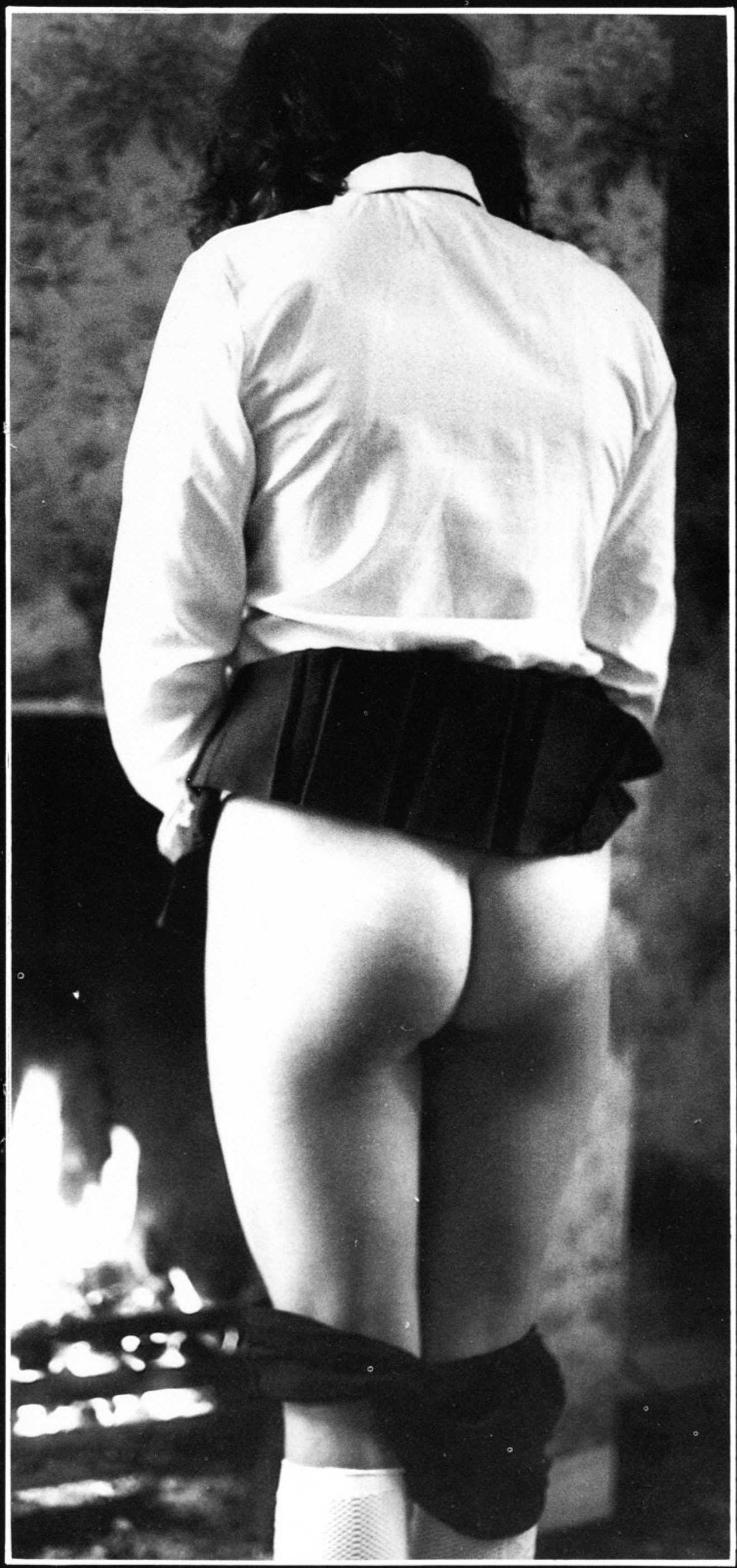

If it wasn't to be expulsion there would have to be something else. Janice could not expect to get off scot-free. First of all she must cease the relationship with Ron immediately. Janice wasn't at all unhappy about that as she now desperately regretted the liaison. As instructed she told Ron that evening: the school knew and it had to stop. Ron reluctantly agreed, though not without insisting on fucking her again one last time. Janice didn't want to let Ron, all she wanted now was to be back with Jeremy again – but she had to. So that just left Mr Harling. Janice had to see him at his house the next evening. She could guess what he would say: a caning.

Yes. Definitely a caning he said. Indeed he might well decide on reflection that her behaviour warranted more than one caning. He would have to see about that, but one caning at least, and he would give it to her right away.

Janice had to take her knickers off and then bend over the dining table, with her skirt up round her waist.

The pain of the cane was simply unbelievable. Six strokes! Each one feeling like it had cut her in two! But at least it had to be better than the alternative.

Mr Harling had put the cane down, because it was his hand there now. Stroking where the cane had sliced in. And then ... sliding in between her legs

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It finally got to number six. Her poor bottom was **red-hot**. But it was at least over. Mr Harling had put the cane down, because it was his hand there now. Stroking where the cane had sliced in. And then ... sliding in between her legs. He was saying something. What ...? And then ... it was something else. Not his fingers, something altogether bigger. Big and stiff.

Mr Harling was saying, 'We're going to keep it all a secret of course, Janice. All a secret ...'

She gave a little alarmed yelp. As it nosed into her. Like Ron. And as it slid up in she had the quick thought that it was true after all. The other rumour about Mr Harling. That if he got something on a girl he would do it to her. He would fuck her ...

END

Continued from page 11

grit your teeth. As Mr Finling's hard hand kept slamming down. Yes, think of that awful bloody cane. The only trouble was ... she might still get the cane! Afterwards. In addition to this!

At last Mr Finling had had enough. Christine's poor bottom felt red hot. But at least it was over. For the moment at any rate. She struggled off of Mr Finling's lap, then stood in front of him with her skirt still held round her waist. Her bottom towards Mr Finling, so he could inspect his handiwork. Inspect the glowing cheeks which must be **bright red.**

His hand there, fondling and giving little pinches. 'Well, that was a start. Eh Christine sweetheart! To get you warmed up, mmm?' His hand slapped one hot cheek.

'No! I mean no more please! I mean I haven't **done** anything.'

'We haven't fully discussed that David business. Does he know you visit a tutor twice a week?'

Christine said yes.

'And does he know what for?'

'I told him subjects I need help in. English and French, etc.'

'You didn't tell him you get punished.'

Christine squirmed as the hand pushed in between her legs. 'Yes.'

'What?'

'I .. uh .. I told him you screwed me. If you weren't happy with my work.' She gave a nervious little laugh. 'It was only a joke.'

'Did he think it was a joke? Maybe I should. Then you could tell him it was for real. Tell him all the details.'

Christine gave another anxious laugh. She shouldn't have said that. Why did she say these things? She made a sort of bleating sound. Mr Finling's hand was at her pussy and she was quite wet.

I'm certainly in the mood. Spanking you has put me right in the mood.' Mr Finling was standing up, Taking his hand away now.

'Don't you think so? We could go upstairs now.' He slid his finger into her. 'And I'm certainly in the mood. Spanking you has put me right in the mood.' Mr Finling was standing up, Taking his hand away now. He reached round for her hand, pulling it behind her.

'You see. I've got a nice big erection for you.' He was putting her hand on it. Christine clasped it. It was big alright.

'No .. really. I don't want to. I'm .. not ready for it.'

Christine liked to think of fucking but she was scared of the real thing. She liked to think of fucking various people. She would do so in bed, as she played with herself and it was a big turn-on. Various boys, including David. A couple of masters at school. And Mr Enright who lived next door who certainly wanted to fuck her. He had said so, said that now she was 18 she should certainly start and it was best to start with an older man. Christine had fended him off saying she would think about it. But if she wanted an older man – there was Mr Finling. Yes, she thought about fucking Mr Finling too. But basically she was scared of the real thing. She was scared of getting pregnant for one thing. You could use contraceptives but did they always work? Mr Lindale had told them all about the different methods – but also said that none was 100% foolproof.

She squeezed Mr Finling's erect penis. Pumping it gently. Thinking of having it pushing into her wet pussy. Thrusting up into her. And then maybe one of those millions of sperms getting through to where they all wanted to go.

'Tell me about David,' Mr Finling said. 'What you really did.' His hands came round and cupped Christine's boobs.

Oh Christ! He would get it out of her! And it would only make it worse by trying to continue with her claim of nothing at all.

'I ... played with his thing. Wanked him. That was all. He .. didn't do anything to me. I just took out his thing and gave him a wank. He didn't even ask me to.'

Christine let out a sibilant sigh. Of relief. It felt a lot better having said it. Everything. But she should have said it right away, that was the only problem. She bit her lip. Taking her hand away from Mr Finling's prick now.

Pretty girls with lovely big tits mustn't tell lies.

'Well you'll have to be punished,' he said, squeezing her tits. 'For telling lies. You've got to learn that lesson. Pretty girls with lovely big tits mustn't tell lies to their tutors.'

'Please! Not that bloody cane,' her voice hissed out. She wanted to say: screw me instead. Take me upstairs and screw me in one of the beds. I'll be really good and cooperative. And you'll be the first one.

But she didn't say that. Because she was too scared for one thing. What was she more scared of: getting pregnant or the cane? The answer was the first. Although there probably wasn't a real risk. Susan and Angela both screwed every night according to Jane Moreby, although that might be an exaggeration, but anyway they weren't getting pregnant. Susan said doing it was **really swoony,** and Christine could believe her. Certainly **thinking** about doing it could be fantastic.

* * *

Letting them all in her mind have a turn on top of her. Or in some other more exotic position. It took her mind off the caning of course.

Christine was thinking about doing as she lay in bed. Imagining doing it as she let her hand play gently with her swollen clit. David and also Steve Banley whom she also fancied. Also Mr Enright next door, and of course Mr Finling. Letting them all in her mind have a turn on top of her. Or in some other more exotic position. It took her mind off the caning of course. Off of her bottom which was still stinging from Mr Finling's whippy cane.

He had done it upstairs. Maybe wanting to scare her. Wanting her to think she was being taken up there to

be screwed. But it was to get the cane. Lying over the side of his bed. With her skirt off as well as her knickers.

Wearing just the sailor top and the shiny black shoes and white ankle socks. With her ripe bottom nicely positioned over the edge of the bed.

For that **bloody awful cane!**

END

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